

Summer

I just arrived to the festival. The sun had just set, and a green and gold wristband was attached. It was rather dark already on the island. We slipped into the festival night, to the live acts. After meandering around the stages, easy going, we wait for Laibach. Lai. Bach. *Übersetzung für* laid back? *Nē*. It was better than that.. Hard rather than softcore. But after all acts, we needed to sort our places to sleep. My fellows were set up with performing-artists' hotel, or tents already built in during daylight. But for me it was too late. I found my place in the dark, and woke up half-way through. Thumb-typing *Sogni d'oro* at 3:39am. Sharing my view for the night under the long outreached branch of a large Oak (*Quercus*). The first time maybe in 20 years without a synthetic cover, *sans* Tent. The crescent moon to the left at 05:35. The crisp stars up straight. Was one of them the comet re-posted? Layers of darkened green matt emerged out of the constellation of chances before sunrise, this one a priori, rather than post-scriptum.. As it was in July, I'm still *Komēta*-struck. I hope you were not bothered by my early morning.. These witching hours. Post, I send another.. You were in my thoughts. I am camping at a festival again. It is Sunday morning.. For all that has flowed by since. You write back in return several days later.. On these days I am dreaming about leaving every duty I have and travelling around the world to experience beauty. I am trying my best to find or do beautiful things that one is looking for.. Then it is not necessary to travel so far. Learning to be ok with being on one's own. It doesn't make sense to be afraid about the future.. Maybe you are already at the top of a mountain that you have climbed, moving on your path through outer space. Here I am making a bacterial love letter, *сметана* and cream of honey smeared over. To stir and heat. Some pinches of salt. Stir. Salty, sour, sweet. Spoonfuls of thick sour cream and honey bubble gently in the frying pan.. And that's the honey brush. Yes, it is used to spread the sweetened adhesive over—and under—the browned oak-leaves. The green ground-elder (*Aegopodium podagraria*) that was underneath my sleeping body, is connected traditionally with monks, and I learn later, surprisingly also maybe with you. Leaves were pasted over, stuck to the hemp fibre-paper. One of the toughest surfaces one can make for one's self. The fresh green is stuck down. The older brown pops a bit up, unstable. But won't it go bad before the 9th of September? May be, maybe not. Love letters never do, you tell me. Actually, I am hoping the high amount of sugar and the pasturised sour cream will blend and preserve.. Persevere even? Actually it's a reasonable hope. Yes, it is a reasonable hope. An observing narrator writes, third-person: They both wrote almost the same words at almost exactly the same time. You can distract me a bit later if you want, I then wrote. Next Wednesday morning, a letter was held up to the light, highlighting the thin but strong fibres interconnected, and the masses of bodies, like shadows silhouetted on the beach. The sunrise streaks through. The body of the letter was sent in the post from a different island. But, as some commonly say, no man is an island. No one is a comet either. I just arrived to the festival.

Andrew Gryf Paterson, 08-10.9.2016.

[The text includes interpersonal communication and words of A. M. in conversation via online messenger with the author. It was written as a contribution to 'Laiško kūnas / The Body of the Letter' exhibition, curated by Jogintė Bučinskaitė and Jurij Dobriakov, 10–24 September 2016, at Project Space “Sodų 4”, Vilnius LT]